

JUST KEEP KNITTING, KNITTING.

My grandma used to sit and knit from morning till the night, with her needles glancing, glancing, when the sun was shining bright, she knitted stockings for us all, and all of us agreed that she'd find a satisfaction fitting out a centipede. I used to watch her often then, and note her kindly smile. And wonder if in heaven above she'd knit 'most all the while. And say, "Now, ain't you weary?" and she'd answer: "Dear, depend if I just keep knitting, knitting, I am sure to reach the end."

I've walked a toilsome way, have shaken hands with Care; I have supped at times with Pleasure, and have found her board was bare. I have fainted in the struggle, and my heart has made its plea: "Dear God, a chance to rest a time were heaven enough for me." I have toiled and striven vainly, and the journey seems so long, And I judge that I am vanquished in the battle of the strong; Yet I still take heart of courage, for I hear, while shadows bend: "If you just keep knitting, knitting, you are sure to reach the end."

—Alfred J. Waterhouse in New York Times.

him a chance to explain. Didn't she tell him to go ahead? Who ever supposed good-humored, fun-loving Myrtle Gillett couldn't take a joke? No, he had lost her—lost her!

How dark it was in the woods. What! Was he stepping in water? Yes, and mud—mud. He must have strayed into Dyer's swamp. If he should get into one of those mires!

Luther plunged wildly about, feeling for firmer ground and becoming more and more confused. That was the way—no—this.

"Help!" The frightened cry pealed out in the gloom. Going down, down. Now he screamed, knowing what it meant. Gillett's cow had gone the same way.

Almost unconscious with horror and weakness, his breath nearly gone, he wailed feebly, "Myrtle, Myrtle! O-h-h, Myrtle!"

"There he is, father! Hurry! for heaven's sake, hurry!"

"Where, girl? Where?"

"Yonder! Just his head! The rope, quick. Around my waist, so. Throw in some brush for footing. Now! Hold this lantern, mother!"

An oozy, pushing slide, a gleam of white arms in the flickering light.

"I've got him! Pull, both of you!"

Half the girl's face was in the slime, but she never let go. Slowly the forlorn objects were dragged to the little line of turf; then up the bank to safety.

"Come!" said old Gillett huskily, gathering up the rope and lanterns, "let's get out of this. Can you walk, boy? That's it, lean on Myrtle. Good thing she heard you holler and routed us out."

As they turned, Luther thrust a clammy hand in his pocket, extracted his fist with difficulty, and threw something from him with a gesture of disgust. It struck with a spat in the very place which had so nearly terminated his earthly career.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Gillett.

"My lucky penny," replied Luther, with some strength in his tone.

"I wonder if it fell 'heads' or 'tails,'" laughed Myrtle, squeezing his arm.—Elliott Walker in Utica Globe.

Pay of Turkish Ministers.

A Turkish Ministerial portfolio is a sort of gold-mine to the holder. It is not the Vizier, however, who holds the richest claim, though his salary is \$66,000 a year, which is also that of the War Minister. The "plum" of Turkish officials is the Admiralty, which is worth \$84,000 a year, and the present holder is stated to have amassed a fortune of \$12,000,000. The Minister of Foreign Affairs has \$44,000, and finance comes next with a thousand lower, financial ability being apparently esteemed in inverse ratio to the need for it. The lowest salary is that of the Minister of Mines, though it is rather higher than that of the Premier of Great Britain. The sum is \$27,800.

Her New Vocabulary.

She possessed a mind discerning. That was stored and crammed with learning. And her thoughts, forever burning. She could suitably express. All her sentences were rounded, And her words imposing sounded; I was really quite astounded As I listened, I confess.

It was rather an infliction. All this verbal unrestriction, But her elegance of fiction. Each precise and polished phrase, And the beautiful selection Of the words and their connection And her most correct inflection—

They were quite beyond all praise. But I saw her very lately, And she did not talk ornately; All that language suave and stately She no longer kept on tap. She was saying "Beasums diddums! Where he bad old pin got hiddums, In his muser's p'ious kiddums," To the baby in her lap.

Armour's Idea of Time.

When Philip D. Armour engaged a new secretary he did not tell him at what hour in the morning to report. The young man appeared at 9, but found Mr. Armour at work. Nothing was said about the secretary being late.

The next day he presented himself at half-past eight, only to find Mr. Armour ahead of him.

So on the day following he came at 8 o'clock, with the same result. Determined to be on hand before his boss, he came at 7:30 the next day, only to be greeted by Mr. Armour with the question:

"Young man, will you tell me what you do with your forenoons?"—New York Times.

Yale Changes Athletic Rule.

Yale has done away with her rule requiring of men representing the college in athletic, literary or musical lines that they maintain a standing 125 per cent. higher than that exacted from other students. Moreover, the literary men will not be disqualified for the literary organs of the college by being under warning for low standing.

At Drowsville.

"We used to miss that accommodation train every morning." "What do you do now that they have taken it off?" "Why, we miss it more 'ban ever."

SUNDAY SCHOOL PILGRIMAGE.

Mammoth Excursion to the Holy Land Planned for Next Year.

Full one year in advance, pressure for accommodations on the ship that is to take the Sunday school workers of America and England to the Holy Land is so great that restrictive conditions, amended and curtailed, have had to be issued. In March of next year, 550 Sunday school experts are to sail, and after brief stops at Gibraltar and Athens, will go to Constantinople. They next enter upon a tour of the Holy Land, and proceeding to Jerusalem, will hold a world Sunday school convention in a big tent, to be pitched just without the Damascus gate. This convention will be the fourth to be held, the first one having been held in London in 1889, the second in St. Louis in 1893, and the third in London in 1898.

The Jerusalem convention being over, trips will be made in Egypt, and the return journey will take in Italy, France and England, where, in Liverpool, many of the delegates will attend the gathering of the Presbyterian and Reformed churches of the world. Indications are that not many Americans will go abroad this year, but that next year the travel of ministers and religious leaders in that direction will be enormous.

The Great Chautauqua Work.

The original Chautauqua has now multiplied to about sixty, held in all sections of the country, but the mother institution continues to lead. Last year, at the lake resort in western New York, there was adopted a weekly topic scheme and it is to be followed this year. Beginning on July 13th, there will be seven of these weeks, as follows: Civic, woman's, missionary, the liquor problem, popular education, employers and employees, and, finally the spiritual. The school is to be enlarged, especially the arts and crafts and the fine arts, and the musical department strengthened. The feature of this, the thirtieth annual session, will be the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the literary and scientific circle, that pioneer of these reading courses which have been adopted by many religious interests, and which have come to number readers all over the world. There will be a dedication of a new grove, made necessary because the grounds were enlarged. This original Chautauqua has always been visited in vast numbers by people from the South, the Southwest, and the entire West.

DR. COFFEE

Discovers Remedies That Restore Sight to Blind People.

Dr. W. O. Coffee, a noted oculist, 350 Good Block, Des Moines, Iowa, has discovered medicines for the eyes that people can use at home and cure Cataracts, Stoma, Granulated Lids, Ulcers or Blindness and restore sight.

Dr. Coffee has published an 80-page book on Eye Diseases which he will send free to every reader of this paper. This book tells how to prevent old sight and make weak eyes strong. Write Dr. Coffee today for his book.

Copper on Lake Superior.

The richest copper region is that of Lake Superior, the copper being all in the native state. In a Minnesota mine one mass taken out was forty-five feet in length, twenty-two feet at the greatest width and the thickest part was more than eight feet. It weighed about 420 tons and was over 90 per cent. copper.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE Address A. S. Orsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Ann Sarah (to nephew from the milk)—Is Uncle Cyrus through milking, Teddy? Teddy—Not quite. He's finished two pascets, and has just begun on the other two.

"Border Memories," by Marion Muir Richardson, is one of the season's new books. It is published by the Reed Publishing Company, Denver, Colo.

"Does Smithers belong to the lodge?" "He thinks the whole shooting match belongs to him."

Keep Your Eye

On the sunny San Luis valley, for it is going to be a winner this year. You will have full information from time to time in these columns.

The Colorado Bureau of Immigration, 615 Majestic Building, Denver, Colorado.

"Who was that girl I saw you with at the theater last night?" "Oh, she's a wild animal trainer." "Wild animal trainer?" "Yes; teachen the fifth grade in a grammar school—mostly boys."

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch because they have a stock in hand of 15 c. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has care used the 15 c. pag. Defiance Starch for same money.

Captain Shippsall—Yes, madam, the needle of the compass always points to the north. Miss Breeching—How interesting! But suppose you wanted to go south?

A smile of satisfaction goes with one of Baxter's "Bullhead" 5-cent cigars.

"There is one word that is always spelled wrong." "What word is that?" "Why, the word 'wrong' of course."

Smoke Baxter's "Bullhead" 5-cent cigar.

The canned article that goes quickest is a dog's tail.

When Your Grocer Says he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 15 c. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 15 oz. brands.

"Papa says our minister's salary is only half as much as that of the baseball pitcher." "Well, perhaps the pitcher's delivery is better."

The secret of the popularity of Baxter's "Bullhead" 5-cent cigar is revealed in one word—"Quality."

"Papa, what kind of a plant is a steel plant?" "Oh, I suppose it's some sort of wire grass."

DYSPEPSIA OF WOMEN.



Mrs. E. B. Bradshaw, of Guthrie, Okla., cured of a severe case by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A great many women suffer with a form of indigestion or dyspepsia which does not seem to yield to ordinary medical treatment. While the symptoms seem to be similar to those of ordinary indigestion, yet the medicines universally prescribed do not seem to restore the patient's normal condition.

Mrs. Pinkham claims that there is a kind of dyspepsia that is caused by derangement of the female organism, and which, while it causes disturbance similar to ordinary indigestion, cannot be relieved without a medicine which not only acts as a stomach tonic, but has peculiar uterine tonic effects as well.

Thousands of testimonial letters prove beyond question that nothing will relieve this distressing condition so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It always works in harmony with the female system.

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address Lynn, Mass.

Denver Directory.

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1438
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Financial Contract Security Co.

We pay 5 per cent. interest. DEPOSIT BY MAIL.

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STOVE REPAIRS

or every known make of stove, furnace or range. OMA, A. FULLER, 1201 Lawrence st., Denver. Phone 72.

FOUNTAIN PUMPS, Gasoline Engines, for Irrigation.

Write for prices. The Scott Supply & Tool Co., 1725 to 1731 Blake St., Denver, Colo.

AGENTS

Wanted to sell our Nursery Stock. Special inducements to local agents. NORTHERN NURSERY CO., DENVER, COLO.

PICTURE FRAMING

500 styles of Fine Moulding, 250 styles of Fancy Frames. Frame Gilding and Repairing. Picture Hanging by Experienced Men. All work of high grade. THE BOWMAN ART CO., 325 11th Street, opposite Masonic Temple, Denver, Colo.

RELIABLE ASSAYS.

Gold..... \$1 Gold and silver..... \$1.00 Lead..... \$1 Gold and silver, Copper, Lbs. Prompt Return on Mail Samples. OGDEN ASSAY COMPANY 1725 Arapahoe Street, DENVER, COLORADO

B. E. BURLINGAME & CO.,

ASSAY OFFICE AND CHEMICAL LABORATORY

Established in Colorado, 1866. Samples by mail or express will receive prompt and careful attention. Refined, Milled and Assayed OR PURCHASED. Gold and Silver Bullion Concentration Tests—100 lbs. or less load lots. Write for terms. 1725-1735 Lawrence St., Denver, Colo.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!

WANTED. Boys and girls everywhere to receive a Camera Free for selling 12 Myrtle Polishing Cloth at 15 cts each. The cloth are used by everyone for polishing silverware, copper, gold articles, tinware, etc., and everybody will buy one. Send your name and address and 25 cts. in stamps for sample cloth to take orders with, and when you have orders for 11 more cloths we will send the Camera. We pay no charge on cloths and Camera. You can sell your sample cloth for 25 cts. The Eastern Jobbing and Agency Supply Co., Bank Block, Denver, Colorado.

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His "Lucky" Penny

"Heads, I ask her; tails, I don't." Luther flipped his old penny in the air and caught it deftly in its downward flight. He gazed at his closed fist in some trepidation, then opened it cautiously.

"Gosh! It's heads," he cried. "I was hoping it might be tails."

But the die was cast. It was Luther's habit thus to leave matters of moment to the decision of his lucky penny.

He thrust the coin in his pocket and went on brushing his hair.

"Heads," he whispered, gloomily. "Heads."

The prospects of Luther Chubb—financial, not matrimonial—were good. Had not Uncle Bidad considerably, if unexpectedly, died and left him the farm?

While Bidad Chubb had lived and Luther lived with him in the rather ambiguous relation of favorite nephew and hardest-worked hired man, the charms of Myrtle Gillett had seemed an all-sufficient desideratum for future hopes in Luther's view of eventful matrimony.

Miss Gillett was plump and possessed of some facial beauty, together with characteristics of independence and hustling ability. And she favored Luther.

But with the accession of worldly resources came hesitation on the part of Luther, and from Myrtle a letter of most sympathetic condolence and unmistakable personal interest.

Luther had involved himself by no proposition. Undoubtedly, he could do better. Still people expected it. His attentions had been regular, if not serious, and, after all, it would pain him to lose Myrtle. She had admirers.

Luther's ideas, which had soared temporarily above the Gillett connection, came down with rapidity. He guessed there was no other way. His lucky penny had settled it.

He spat his hair viciously and prepared to set out for Gillett's, a mile down the road.

The sun was behind the hills when he tramped up the grass-grown path and beheld Myrtle seated in the wide porch—a fair picture in her white dress, with the fading light softening her strong features.

"Why, Luther Chubb, who'd have thought of you coming over to-night?" she greeted, in feigned astonishment.

"Kind of felt like it," responded Luther, with equal mendacity. "Knew you wouldn't expect me. How's your father?"

"O, pretty fair for him."

"Ain't getting along very well lately, I hear. Too bad."

"Well, the old place isn't what it was, you know, Luther. Hope we



"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!"

won't have to pick up and move over to Fernside. He's talking of it."

"I wouldn't do that."

"Why not?"

Myrtle edged a little nearer.

"That is—no use of your going, I guess."

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